The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. VI., NO. 1. MARCH, 1898. ONE PENNY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. She Forgot Her Wrongs. Poem. Camilla Crosland	1
2. Pharisaism. Sermon, by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.	1
3. Life. Poem. Edward Cracroft Lefroy ...	5
4. Authentic Interviews. II. Mrs. Catharine Cappe	5
5. Unsung Heroes. Poem. J. S. Fletcher ...	9
6. March. Poem. E. Nesbit...	9
7. The Seat of Authority. II. By J. Cogan Conway	9
8. Manchester College (Oxford) Letter ...	12
9. "Mixed" Quotations	13
10. A Perfect Liturgy	14
11. "Two Opposing Tendencies"	15
12. The Children's Page...	16

She Forgot Her Wrongs.

Yes, she forgot them!—Angry words
That cut the heart like sharpest swords;
Yes, she forgot them!—Unjust deeds,
The wrong that envy surely breeds
In meaner natures; but no stir
Of baser passions marred in her
The conquering power of purer thought,
Ever remembering Who had taught:
"Father, they know not what they do;
Forgive them"—and she wished it so.
Wrongs, she forgot them, one by one,
Though never yet a kindness done.

A generous act, a kindly speech,
Would seem her very soul to reach,
And there remain a lasting thought
To be with happy memories fraught;
Unlike cold natures, proud and vain,
In gratitude she felt no pain,
But rather joy, which on her face
Its lines of light knew how to trace.
I wonder, did she long ago
Learn lessons of unfathomed woe,
That she forgets her wrongs alone,
But never once a kindness done!

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

Not feeling only is our need,
But sober reason, righteous deed:
We need the vital word whose force
Gives worlds and men their ordered course.

—*Harriet Ware Hall.*

Pharisaism.

A SERMON BY THE

REV. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A.

LUKE XVIII. 11, 12.—"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess."

The power of concentrating into a few words the characteristics of a nation, a sect, or a movement, or of hitting sharp upon the principle of these—from whence all that is, or has been developed from it, radiates—is the special mark of genius. It arises from insight and it ends in prophecy. This is the characteristic of the words of Christ in matters that pertain to the religious life. Here, for example, in two short phrases, the innermost heart of what we call Pharisaism—whether in a caste, a nation, or a person—is laid bare.

The prayer of the Pharisee begins by self-isolation. Now, isolation from other men ends in the starvation of his nature who isolates himself. It is the fate of Aristocracies which isolate themselves from the people. They are the Pharisees of a nation. "God, we thank Thee," they cry, "that we are not as other men

are. The same blood does not flow in our veins, the same human passions do not influence us—or, if at all, in so different a manner that they can scarcely be called the same;—we are not unmannered, uncultured, gross, plunged in the vulgarity of work; we offer sacrifices twice a week to the honour of our ancestors and the demands of our caste; we pay tithes of our wealth to hush up the failures of our order; there is no sacrifice we will not make to keep up our separation from the Publicans. God, we thank thee we can do our duty." One knows that this is not an unfair picture of the aristocracy of France before the Revolution. No picture is more pitiable than that of the poor noble, who, living on his lands, still held himself as divided from his serfs by a difference of humanity; grinding them to the earth by the use of petty but vexatious privileges, that he might wring out enough money for a few months in Paris, absolutely consuming them blood and bone. The pity caused by an awful vengeance, the few instances of real worth which lay hid among these men, have created a kind of sentimental literature through the veil of which we see the evils of this Pharisaism obscured, even translated into objects of admiration; but whether this evil thing was the result or not of a long habit of life handed down from generation to generation, the life it made was an inhuman and isolated life, and though we give individual cases pity, we rejoice in its annihilation. The feudal system, ceasing to be political, and becoming only civil, as then in France, was poison to the progress of the world.

This was not the case with the aristocracy of England at the same time. The noble and the citizen practised the same sort of affairs, and entered the same professions as the middle class; the two classes intermarried; all men of gentle manners were called gentlemen. Hence there was never the impassable gulf in this country which existed in France between the noble and the citizen, where work was as disgraceful as it was to the gentleman of the Southern states, where an unequal marriage was a stain. The aristocracy here was a class, in France it was a caste. Our nobles have never, as a body, said—"God, we thank thee, that we are not as other men are." On the contrary, our history has seen several times when they have smitten on their heart and cried—"God be merciful to us sinners."

But, notwithstanding all this, the description in the parable is still far too true of our aristocracy and educated classes. The Pharisaism of caste is not altogether dead within the nation.

How many of us, as individuals, cherish the feeling of exclusiveness; how many of the middle class who have grown rich from being poor whisper to themselves that they are licensed to be proud towards those whom they have left behind, and confess to their honour for caste by the extravagance and the adulation which they use in order to be received into the upper circles of the social system? How many in these upper circles think that their position excuses and legitimates things which in other men—whom they thank the God of Society they are not like—would be met with indignation as an outrage to civilization? The same thing may be said of those who chose to separate themselves from the general religious body of the people, and foster a kind of ecclesiastical Pharisaism, which is as bad as the Pharisaism of the aristocracy.

Again, there is a national Pharisaism of which we are only too guilty. It would be one of the most absurd things in England, were it not for the flavour of patriotism which still clings to it, that we are always in such public ecstasies over our superiority to other nations. We thank God, we say—not within ourselves, as Pharisees, but openly—that we are not as other nations are—not frivolous, not stupid, not light-headed, not liable to wild enthusiasms, not ridden by a mob, not everything by turns and nothing long. We are the salt of the earth, the ballast of the world. And we are so convinced of this, that we turn propagandist, and seek to impose our institutions on nations with whom they would, in our form, disagree, and our commercial discoveries upon peoples who do not want them yet, and our elaborate and intellectual schemes of religious doctrine on oriental and savage nations, so that many of our commercial schemes fall to pieces, and a great deal of our missionary work is rendered useless. But when it comes to practical help, we have our doctrine that we ought to do nothing which may in any degree injure our material interests, and we wrap ourselves in the seas and rejoice in being an island.

What is Europe to us, except so far as its action bears upon our trade? What is the most passionate struggle in a great country for a great ideal to us, except so far as it may touch our cotton or hurt our prejudice, or, in the long run, create a united people more powerful than ourselves? The principles involved are laid by, and we isolate ourselves in what seems our own advantage.

The spirit of Pharisaism, out of which these thoughts spring, and the selfish isolation which is their result, is one of the greatest perils which beset our country. England can only be sure of enduring greatness when she has learnt something of international self-sacrifice; when, as part of her national work, she recognises herself, not as separate from, but as one of the brotherhood of the Peoples; when her interests are not those only of her own progress and her own liberty, but those of the progress and liberty of mankind; when, instead of finding out the evils and wrong doing of other nations, she stands in the temple of the world, and smites upon her heart and prays—"God, be merciful to me, a sinner." She has ills enough of her own to look to without the necessity of expending Pharisaic pity upon other nations. Pauperism, the accumulation of land in a few hands, the sanitary state of her towns, the incompetence of her minor officials, the state of the agricultural poor, the increase of drunkenness, the need of some redemptive agency for criminals—these are the things which national Pharisaism ought to repent of. It is the most fatal Pharisaism when a nation believing that its own will, because it is its own, *must* be right, puts aside as inexpedient, and as impolitic, those eternal laws of Right and Truth which are the very Being of God, those eternal ideas of duty to man, which are the very Being of Humanity—and, standing apart in the temple of the world, throws its hands towards Heaven on the one side, and towards earth on the other, in equal indifference to God and man, provided its own interests are secured, crying—"God, we thank thee, we are not as other nations are."

But you will say—If England is to take interest in other nations, how is she to do her own work? Ought she not to isolate herself on that?

No! I never yet found in private life that isolation round family interests and neglect of all public interests produced a well-educated or noble-minded set of sons and daughters, or that the household was better managed by persons of limited range of thought and feeling; nor do I believe that it is a system which works well in the training of a people, or the management of a country. Selfishness produces selfishness, pride, pride, just as surely as acorns produce oaks and grains of wheat, wheat—and that, too, with accumulating productiveness — and the whole catalogue of all national wrong doing is produced by men in all classes, and offices, and clubs, and unions, believing only in themselves, and not in God, and their duties to their fellow-men; using God, when they think of Him at all, as a means of deepening their pride and isolation; using Him only as a witness to their want of nothing, to their perfection—"God, I thank thee, I am not as other nations are, as other men."—Never, never, dreaming of mercy being needed for themselves; of God, as having the right of mercy, and, therefore, of justice. How can they think of these things? They have lost power to believe in God, because they believe in themselves. They have lost power to do right, because they think a righteous life consists in negatives—not this—not that.

Almost exactly the same career is run by the man who, wrapt up in his own conception of what he thinks true, believes in his own morality and his own religion, and not in God; no, nor in man outside of himself—who has reached, through this belief in self, pride in his own goodness and contempt of others, — the religious Pharisee. Such a man is doomed, until he repent, to slow and then to accelerating degradation. Then also begins the starvation of his nature. Love is only fed by acts of love, freely, unconditionally done, direct from the heart and not from a system. In the complete Pharisee such acts are unknown, except when, for a moment, his humanity conquers what he calls his religion; and then so upside-down has become his inner life, that these, the only religious acts he performs, are probably regretted by him as irreligious. He lives by a set of maxims, not by a free use of principles, and nearly all the maxims are the source of unloving acts. "Sorrow is caused by sin," is one of them: "Suffering proves God's anger on the sufferer."

Therefore, he lets the sinner lie upon the bed that he has made. "The wretch has deserved his punishment," he cries, "Let him drink it to the dregs, I will not, dare not sympathise with him, lest I should invite and share the anger of a jealous God." Base fear of self, you see, has got into his life, and love takes to flight, for fear of this vile kind is abhorred of love. Thus divided from men, he ceases to share in the joys as well as the sorrows of the race. Its business, its interests, its movements: what are they to him whose kingdom is not of this world, but laid up for him in a world to come. "Wife, friends, relations," so he comes to argue at last, "stand in my way to God—the earthly must perish to give way to the heavenly. These outcast sinners, these foolish frivolous creatures of the world, they are doomed, God's wrath is on them. I stand apart—their touch, their amusements, are pollution. God, I thank thee, I am not as other men are." It is, you see, the absolute reversal of religion, for it is the destruction of charity.

Exactly opposite to that, was the life and sayings and work of Jesus Christ. He took a profound interest in the world, moved incessantly among the men who clustered round him, and while he devoted himself to his religious work, recognised the business and the movements of mankind. In fact, the principles that he laid down inaugurated the political and social movements of the world. He declared that the true way of living for the world to come was to live in doing good in this world, in uniting oneself by sympathy to men. "He that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, is like a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell, and great was the fall of it."

Nor did he repress the domestic affections, or starve out peculiar friendships. He had his own peculiar friends The declaration of the disciple nearest to his heart—"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"—is the sublime answer to the asceticism which denies the affections of life, for the true rule is—First the natural, then the spiritual.

And yet more—this cool contemplation in the religious Pharisee, this condemnation of the foolish and the sinful and the weak — how different from that sublime Humanity of Jesus, whose speech was of the Prodigal Son; who came to seek and save the lost, and who at last, when stung by the Pharisaism of the severe moralists who scorned him when he approached the sinner, turned on them with fiery and righteous wrath and said, "The publicans and the harlots enter into the kingdom of heaven before you."

Love has died in this man, and with love dies all the rest of the Christian and Human graces, for the air they breathe is Love. Justice, Truth, inward Purity, Hope and Faith perish from the heart in which Charity has no place. But to the Pharisee they do not appear to have perished. For he possesses phantoms of them. He thinks he has a loftier Love and Truth and Faith than other men, and looking on these false images of the true graces, he cannot see the true, or mistakes them for their opposites in others. So it came to pass of old that he said Christ had a devil; so it comes to pass now that he refuses to see any goodness in men who differ from his views, that he throws the poison of his slander on the lives of those he delights to call infidels, pantheists, materialists. It is true what Christ said of such self-deceivers—"They say they see, therefore, their sin remaineth."

And when in the religious Pharisee's heart all these Christian graces have died, there swiftly sweeps in and takes up its undisputed throne—contempt of men—"even as this publican."

There is no guest the soul can harbour worse than scorn of others. When the Ancient Mariner despised the creatures of the calm, and tried to pray with that contempt in his heart—"a wicked whisper came and made his heart as dry as dust." When we, because we are strong in our morality, turn round pitilessly on the weak and passionate and curl our lips in angry contempt—we are, indeed, for the moment in the very centre of eternal death. Than this, better be extortioner, unjust, an adulterer, a thief. There is hope for these that they may see the light, but he who systematically scorns his erring brothers;—in him the Divine is paralysed. He looks on Christ with Simon the Pharisee and feels contempt for the saving pity which said to the sinful woman, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven her, for she loved much." He listens to the tears and

sobbing of the woman, and turns aside with a sneer.

Can we pray aright when we share in that spirit; can we pray at all when we are enslaved by it? When we have isolated ourselves from men, can we say *Our* Father? No! we substitute for it *My* Father. In that slight change of words the inmost spirit of Pharisaism lies hid. It almost provokes a smile to think the infinite trouble that little word "our" of Christ's has given to the Pharisees of every Church and sect. It gives one joy to think how much trouble it is doomed to give to national and social Pharisaisms. to Imperialisms, to Oppressors of every kind who thank their God that they are not as other men, but that others are created for their advantage. Before its power down shall they go, one and all into the dust, until they learn to smite upon their breast and cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

He who would pray aright must be a Son of Man, a brother of men — must tread in His blessed footsteps who came to dwell amongst us, to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, to preach the Gospel to the poor, to bind up the broken hearted, to recover the sight of those blinded by the pain of life, to preach deliverance to the captives, to seek and to save those who have wandered far from the social fold. He prays best who, like Christ, has lost self-isolation, in self-abandonment for men, who thanks God that in Christ Jesus he can unite himself to the wants and sorrows and aspirations of Humanity. Prayer at its highest is essentially loss of self in communion with the perfection of Love carried out in enduring action. This is the universal aspect of prayer, and its expression is "Our Father which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

It is not seeing one's friends, having them within reach, hearing of and from them, which makes them ours. Many a one has all that, and yet has nothing. It is the believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are good and true to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true toward everybody else, ourselves included.—*D. M. Craik.*

Life.

White sails that on the horizon flash and flee,
A moment glinting where the sun has shone;
White billows for a moment riding free,
Then gulfed in other waves that follow on;
While birds that hurry past so rapidly,
Albeit no sight more bright to look upon.
Like you our little life: we are as ye,—
A moment sighted, in a moment gone.
Yet not in vain, oh, not in vain, we live,
If we, too, catch the sunlight in the air,
And signal back the beauty ere we sink
In that dark hollow men call death, and give
To saddened souls that watch us on the brink
A gleam of glory, transient, but fair.

EDWARD CRACROFT LEFROY.

Authentic Interviews.

II.—MRS. CATHARINE CAPPE.

York, January 1st, 1818.

In a large old house, in Upper Ousegate, York, there lived and died the Rev. Newcome Cappe. For forty-five years he ministered with much acceptance to the Society of Protestant Dissenters who worship at St. Saviourgate. Both by birth and training was he fitted for his vocation. The eldest son of the Rev. Joseph Cappe, of Mill Hill Chapel, Leeds, he was bred upon the high argument of Eighteenth Century Dissent. A year with Dr. Aikin, at Kibworth, succeeded by three years at Northampton under Dr. Doddridge, was supplemented by a Glasgow course, at the close of which he was chosen by the St. Saviourgate Congregation Co-pastor with the Rev. John Hotham, who, however, died in the year following. From that time to his death, eighteen years back, he was one of the leading figures in literary York, where the Literary Club, which he helped to found, has only recently come to an end. Since his decease, his widow, who cheerfully carries her seventy-three years, has kept alive his influence, and being herself a very Dorcas in all good work. Having just seen through the press a third edition of Mr. Cappe's "Discourses on the Universal Providence," it occurred to us that a few reminiscences of her husband, and her own past days, might prove of interest to our readers.

"These are not the only Discourses of Mr. Cappe which have been published and well received?"

"His first publication, a Sermon preached in November, 1757, on the victory of Rosbach, gained by the great Frederick of Prussia, was received with an enthusiasm seldom equalled. Happening to coincide with the national feelings of that day it passed through thirteen editions with great rapidity. Lord Ligonier said he thought Mr. Cappe preached as well as the King of Prussia fought."

"A very gratifying beginning for so young a divine, but likely to turn an older head than his own."

"It did not, in this instance, produce any such consequence. So far, indeed, in middle life, was Mr. Cappe from thinking or speaking of this Sermon with pleasure, that he never called it by any other denomination than that of *My folly!* His mind was sensibly pained with the reflection, that in a moment of youthful ardour, he should have appeared as an advocate for employing the sword in defence of religious truth."

"Was it his usual practice to preach on current events?"

"In the year 1777, Mr. Cappe published a Sermon, preached on the day set apart for a general fast, during the American War. This Sermon, not being equally in unison with the national prejudices of the day, was not fitted, like that on the victory of the King of Prussia, to become the theme of general praise. But the highest encomiums were passed upon it by men of great ability." Mrs. Cappe here produced with pride an old letter (says our interviewer) in which Mr. Lee thus wrote to the Author:—"I showed Sir George Savile your Sermon. He was delighted beyond measure, and has never failed repeating his admiration in terms that do him and you equal honour. He has shown my copy to many eminent men, particularly to Mr. Burke, who told me that he concurred in Sir George's opinion of the performance."

MRS. CATHARINE CAPPE.

"It is said that Mr. Burke often wrote to Mr. Cappe. Was this in consequence of the discourse?"

"I know not whether it was immediately after the publication of the Fast Sermon in 1777 that a correspondence commenced with Mr. Burke; but I know that for some time Mr. Cappe did correspond with him."

"Did Mr. Cappe continue to side with Mr. Burke in his protest against the American War?"

"He published two more Fast Sermons during the American War, in the years 1780 and 1781. The first is a strong and indignant invective against the views of the time: the second contains an accurate delineation of the evils incident both to governors and the governed by a state of war. These Fast Sermons procured him the respect of many

eminent persons, and a passage from one of them was quoted by Mr. Erskine in the famous trial of Paine."

Will you not say something now of yourself, Mrs. Cappe — of your associations with Catterick, for instance, and your earliest recollections?"

"Sir Rowland Winn obtained for my father the living of Catterick, in the gift of the crown. The late incumbent had suffered the house to go to ruin. It stood upon an eminence near the church, in the middle of the village, surrounded by broken, tottering walls, overgrown with weeds, and mouldering into decay. Although I was but four years old, yet do I distinctly remember the very painful impression which the scene of desolation made upon my mind."

"How long did you remain?"

"After fifteen years, clouded by increasing illness, my father died in the 58th year of his age. There were several candidates for the living, but the successful one was the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, who insisted, on his wife's account principally, to remove to Yorkshire, that she might be nearer to her relations and friends, and particularly to Archdeacon Blackhouse, her father-in-law, of whose talents and character he had formed a very high idea."

"And when did you first meet the new Vicar?"

"With Mrs. Lindsey I had been acquainted. I was kindly invited by her, in 1765, to spend a little time at Catterick, and I rejoiced in the prospect. In the character of Mr. Lindsey every Christian virtue was united with the deepest piety. My mother having taken a small house at Bedale, a little market town seven miles distant, the source of my purest enjoyment was my frequent visits to Catterick. Beyond all other days it was the delight of my life to spend Sunday there."

"Would you describe the kind of Sunday School they conducted—the first in England, it is stated?"

"At two o'clock, before the commencement of afternoon service, Mr. Lindsey devoted one hour in the church every Sunday, alternately to catechising the children of the parish, and to expounding the Bible to the boys of a large school, which was at that time kept in the village. The number of boys generally amounted to about one hundred, who formed a large circle around him, himself holding a Bible open in his hand, with which he walked slowly round, giving it regularly in succession to the boys, each reading in turn the passsage about to be explained. This method, accompanied by frequently recapitulating what had been said, and by asking them questions relating to it, kept them very attentive. After evening service Mr. Lindsey received different classes of young men and women, on alternate Sundays, in his study, for the purpose of instruction; and Mrs. Lindsey, in like manner, in another apartment, had two classes of children, boys and girls alternately."

"Such admirable efforts must have produced good results?"

"The good effects of their labours proved, in many cases, very apparent in after life, Mr. Lindsey having been frequently recognised in the streets of London by some of his former Sunday pupils, who gratefully acknowledged their obligations to him."

"And you were the first to follow out his plan?"

"I endeavoured to imitate at Bedale the edifying examples which I do so much admire at Catterick. I established a sort of Sunday School there. Collecting a number of poor children, whom I had assisted in learning to read, teaching them Dr. Watts's Shorter Catechism, together with his Devotional Hymns, and endeavouring to give them some such general instruction as might enable them to read their Bible with more intelligence. I had no place in which to receive them but the back kitchen, which being small, we were exceedingly crowded; but they grew attached to me, and liked to attend; and in order to prevent confusion, I divided them into classes, which succeeded each other. So on the Sunday I was occupied by a succession of children nearly the whole day, except the time which was spent at church."

"You were almost the only one who approved Mr. Lindsey's decision to resign his living?"

"He had not a friend or relation who did not either use his utmost endeavours to shake his purpose, or stand aloof in silent dismay, without making an effort to afford him the slightest assistance."

"Did you hear his farewell sermon?"

"I was present at that sermon, a partaker and witness of a scene, at once the most impressive and the most sorrowful. The church was uncommonly crowded, and he was frequently interrupted by the sighs and lamentations of his afflicted parishioners, who, like the Ephesians of old, sorrowed most of all for the words that he spake, that they should see his face no more."

"And you remained by your friends to the last."

"I remained there till the Friday. On the following Wednesday they came to Bedale, where they slept; and the next morning I accompanied them as far as Wakefield in their journey southward. We spent two days there in the house of the late excellent Mr. Turner, and on the Saturday morning they proceeded on their journey. I was able to support my spirits till I saw my beloved friends step into the carriage and drive away from the door, but when they were quite gone my fortitude entirely forsook me."

"You have written a small work, Mrs. Cappe, on "Charitable Institutions and the Best Means of Conducting Them." To what do you trace your great interest in this question?"

"One of our near neighbours at Stankhouse, near Leeds, communicated to me a project she had much at heart, of establishing a Female Benefit Club, for the assistance principally of the wives and daughters of the numerous colliers scattered over a neighbouring common, or resident in the adjoining villages. I gave her all the assistance in my power, and at length we completely succeeded in our idea. On removing to York, a friend and myself began a plan of operations respecting the children employed in a hemp manufactory in our neighbourhood, which issued, the following year, in the establishment of a Spinning School. I was also instrumental in introducing new and better regulations into the Grey Coat School, which is an old establishment in York. Scarcely a day has passed without my visiting one or both of these schools."

"You were a zealous promoter of the removal of Manchester College to York, and of Mr. Wellbeloved's appointment. Do you now think it was a mistake?"

"In the face of many real discouragements and difficulties, Mr. Wellbeloved began his arduous labours in 1803, with four divinity and four lay students. In the latter part of the session of 1806 he was so extremely ill, that there seemed every reason to fear that the health if not the life of my inestimable friend would fall a sacrifice to overpowering anxiety and fatigue, accompanied probably, at the same time, by the entire ruin of the Institution. What was now to be done? Having witnessed its whole progress I drew attention to the present state of the institution; its special importance, being then the only one in the kingdom conducted on similar principles; its bearings on the great interests connected with religious liberty, and with the sacred and inalienable rights of conscience. These exertions produced the happiest effects. The funds were increased, additional tutors were engaged, and proper accommodation for the students was at length secured."

"And you believe there is a bright future for the College, despite its narrow area of subscribers, and its day of small things?"

"It is not to promote the interests of a particular party, the little triumphs of one sect over another, that the Seminary at York has been founded. It has a far more extended and nobler aim—to follow truth on the genuine Protestant principle of candid and serious investigation. Therefore do I believe that it shall, one day, attain the just celebrity to which it is now gradually advancing."

York should be proud of Mrs. Cappe. She is a true benefactress to her town and generation. It is no flattery to say that she is an ornament to Christianity. It was with feelings of tenderest respect and esteem that we took leave of one who was the devoted disciple and friend of Lindsey, who, like him, left the Church at the bid of conscience, who, with him, will be remembered as one of the founders of Sunday Schools, who was a faithful and congenial helpmate to one of York's best citizens, and who, in addition to her past good works, remains in her honoured age a loyal supporter of its college, and a generous friend to its students. May the future amply fulfil her hopes.

Unsung Heroes.

So long as the world and the heart are young,
Shall deeds of daring and valour be sung ;
And the hand of the poet shall throw the rhyme
At the feet of the hero of battle-time.

But nobler deeds are done every day
In the world close by, than in fight or fray.
There are heroes whose prowess never sees light,
Far greater than ever was ancient knight.

In many a heart lies a secret tale
That would make the Homeric legends pale ;
And oft is a deed of valour untold
Which is meet to be written in letters of gold !

J. S. FLETCHER.

March.

The wild wind sweeps the pale March sky,
And sets the March dust flying ;
The leafless branches toss and sigh,
And the brief chill day is dying ;
Yet longer, longer every day
The pale sweet sun is staying.
Fast comes the time of primrose play,
And the days when love goes maying.

The sheep shrink shivering by the gate ;
The mad wind unabating
Shrieks o'er the bare earth—desolate
As souls worn out with waiting ;
The frightened daisies tightly close,
And chill each bud that blows is ;
Yet every trembling grass-blade knows
How June will bring the roses.

And we—for us—not far, we know,
From strife of wild winds blowing,
The peaceful pleasant gardens grow
Where heavenly flowers are growing.
Look up, sad heart, not far from here,
Along the pathway dreary,
Are rest and peace—His voice to cheer,
His welcome for the weary !—E. NESBIT.

The Seed Sower;

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
FOR THE HOME, THE SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH.

Localised by Essex Church, London; All Souls, Belfast; Unity Church, London; Great Meeting, Leicester; The Western Union (all the churches); Kidderminster; Whitchurch; Hurst Street Mission, Birmingham; and other places.

By post, 1/6 per annum.
Special terms for churches taking 50 copies and above.

All business communications to be addressed to—
MR. ARNOLD WOOD,
35, PARADISE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

The Seat of Authority.

BY J. COGAN CONWAY.

II.

There is consternation is Mousenest. The fountains of the great deep are broken up; the foundations of authority are shaken, riven to their centre; belief in our Oracle of Belfast is shattered.

It came about in this way:—There was a curious bit in the December paper about a Unitarian Church being doomed, and that it cannot live because "it does not deserve to" (*sic.*) Now we had an uncomfortable feeling that there must be something wrong here, since we knew some Unitarian Churches that not only live but thrive, and we thought this was rather a hard and ungenerous message to send to the Unitarian Church of Hungary, which has lived for three hundred years, and is vigorous now, in spite of bitter persecutions which well nigh destroyed it. So you see there began to come to us a perception that our Authority was not infallible, and then in the January number came the reference to Dr. Martineau's Organisation Scheme at Leeds in 1888, and the statement, implied, if not explicitly made, that the scheme was destroyed there by "that disastrous vote at Leeds." Now, mousie was at Leeds, and he remembers the meetings very well. There was no defeat of the scheme there; its consideration was favourably referred to a committee, by a unanimous vote, so far as mousie remembers. If not actually unanimous, it was virtually so. One could hardly expect that a thing like that could be accepted at once, off-hand, then and there, by delegates who had no authority to deal with it. The utmost that could be done was what was done, to appoint a committee to see whether it could be carried out, and there was no "disastrous vote" at all. So it got borne in upon us, that just as

"They didn't know everything down in Judee,"

so not even residence in the County Antrim can confer immunity from error. When once this became manifest, it was astonishing how full of loose, random, inaccurate assertions, and downright blunders, this series of papers on "Two Opposing Tendencies" was found to be, and the poor, confiding, country mice were driven back

again upon their own unassisted judgment, and slender store of information.

And thus, although our former paper concluded with a promise to keep silence, yet the changed conditions of the problem may, perhaps, be held to excuse a further squeak.

As to the reason that led our Presbyterian forefathers to adopt the Open Trust System that is quite a matter of opinion, and we fancy we have heard something of an enlightening address on that subject by a former President of the Provincial Assembly of Lancashire and Cheshire, which we hope will be published, as the study of it would tend vastly to the clarification of the ideas of more writers than one. That lovely little quotation is presented to us again in paper No. III., in the January number. We don't say it is not a genuine quotation; we only ask for the reference. Perhaps we go so far as to say it looks very like a literary and controversial device, putting into the mouths of our ancestors the language we think they ought to have employed. But the question is whether they employed it, or ever would or could have done so.

The contention that the liberalising of theology which took place was, from their point of view, a purely accidental and unforeseen consequence of the Open Trust—that its possibility even was unforeseen—is not without support from the fact that when this liberalising took place, it aroused fierce protest and controversy, and gave rise to determined attempts to drive the heretics out. It was not till a Tory Government introduced, and a Tory Parliament passed, the Dissenters' Chapels Act, that the right of development of doctrine under Open Trusts was secured. That Act disposed of the question which our excellent editors say is now raised, as to the right of dogmatic Unitarianism to the old free Presbyterian Chapels. There is no doubt about that. Nevertheless, the Editors have very grave doubt both of the legal and moral right of any persons to close these chapels against developments either back to Trinitarianism or onward to Theism. But this is what the Unitarian label affects to do. The question, as raised by the papers we are considering, rather is, whether dogmatic Unitarianism has any right to exist at all.

And as to that, if a dogmatic Unitarian is a Unitarian who is dogmatic, it is not easy to see how our author can escape the mesh of the definition.

The attempt to drive the heretics out compelled them to combine for self defence, and it was the attacks made upon them, and no misguided preference for doctrinal controversy, that led our more immediate forefathers to lay so much stress upon this. That attempt was bitter and prolonged; it is difficult to realise in the present easy-going age, but it was terrible in its day, and it surely might be held to excuse the affixing to the chapels of the name that expressed to those noble confessors all they held dear in religion.

For dogma is surely, as M. Sabatier says:—"A movement of the mind as legitimate as it is necessary." "As it is impossible for thought not to manifest itself organically by gesture or language, so it is impossible for religion not to express itself in rites or doctrines. To say Christianity is a life, therefore it is not a doctrine, is to reason very badly; we should rather say 'Christianity is a life, therefore it engenders doctrine,' for man cannot live his life without thinking it." The word Unitarian, though in its original meaning expressing only one doctrine yet was to them, as it should, we venture to think, be to all who hold it true, the centre of the whole scheme of the world and man's destiny.

To confine a word to its original, etymological sense is unnatural; it is never done; secondary and enlarged meanings are adopted, as, for example, with the word Christian, the original meaning of which surely was the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was the Jewish Messiah, and was coming back in a short time to put an end to the existing state of things, and reign over the Saints for a thousand years. Who, among us at all events, would restrict the word to that signification now? Then why subject the word Unitarian to this arbitrary treatment? Mr. Sunderland has well shown the larger meaning of Unitarianism. It is not as a mere arithmetical proposition that those who value it so highly prize it, but as the root and centre of all that is purest and loftiest in religion, and they protest against the narrow and dogmatic attempt to rob it of its larger and nobler meaning.

According to our friend's own showing, be it noted, nothing whatever was done in his Golden

Age of Religion before Doctrine, for the mutual support and assistance of the scattered communities. It was not till doctrine came to be a thing to bestir oneself about that any Fund or Society was formed, except, perhaps, the "Presbyterian Fund," which is not large. What ecclesiastical functions the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has assumed among us is for its critic to explain. It certainly refused to define Unitarianism when the attempt was made; and the endowment of an undefined doctrine is not very dangerous, one would think, to progress or religion either. And here we may call to mind that "when Jesus had ended all these sayings," of the sermon on the Mount, "the people were astonished at his *doctrine*." So that there is precedent for connecting, and even confounding, the two, religion and doctrine.

London and the South and West of England are informed in a footnote that their churches are weaker than any others to-day, or that nowhere are churches weaker than in those districts. That appears to mean that if a line be drawn from London to the Isle of Wight, the churches on the west of it are weaker than those to the east or north. That is a favourite assertion with those who know little of them. A Country Mouse is not concerned with London. In proportion to the population things are said to be in a bad way there, though there has been a decided improvement of late, due to that very forward movement that is so heavily belaboured. London Churches, so we learn, are by no means so miserably moribund as our sympathising friend supposes, and the kick he gives them is very far from being final. Though really, if it were final, could anything be less generous or less Christian? But as to the south-west, it is the opinion of many who are competent to judge, that in proportion to the population, the churches there are at least as strong as those in the east, the north, or even in vaunted Ulster. The particular congregation selected for rebuke is not surpassed, in proportion to the population, in numbers, influence, character, piety, or good works by any on the face of the habitable globe, and this its amiable assailant will be the first to admit. Then what becomes of his argument? Has the cause of religion suffered one whit by the doctrinal word carven so deep in the stone? "By their fruits ye shall know them." And has Rosslyn Hill Chapel dwindled, peaked, and pined, as a result of the dread words on the notice board? Yet it should, if the argument were anything more than the veriest moonshine. And these are our good friend's specially selected typical instances!

Dr. Martineau's old pupils are, as a rule, warier than his present interpreter, and they prudently shrink from forcing attention to his greatest foible. Hero worship does not blind them to the fact that our great and venerated leader is human, and, therefore, fallible, and that his liability to error chiefly takes the form of a most unfortunate fad of exaggeration of the evils and the risk of sectarianism, which has wrought graver injury to our common cause than it is easy to estimate. In his latest utterance on the subject, he speaks of "public worship in common," but he has always allowed himself to be blinded to the fact that worship in common must of necessity be based on agreement as to the object of worship, and since this must needs be an intellectual matter, then on intellectual agreement. Why does any man worship in one church rather than in another, in All Souls' Church, let us say, rather than in an Orthodox Church? Because, and only because, he finds himself in general agreement with the minister and people as to the object and the manner of worship, not at all because he feels he is free there to worship what and as he likes. Practically, he is not. If he wants to worship Christ he cannot do it there; cannot, that is, in common. This talk of absolute freedom is vain, our freedom is like that of the human will, it exists within limits. Let any of our ministers or our people come to believe in the fall of man and salvation by shed blood, and testify to this, and see what his freedom would amount to. There must be some definiteness of conception, and some agreement on these matters, before and while there is worship in common. When the Presbyterian congregations held together, as Dr. Martineau truly says, in the letter alluded to, that they did, they were in substantial agreement for the time being. When they came to differ among themselves, there was a speedy disruption. The limits of space will not permit an examination of the Leeds Scheme of Dr. Martineau, or of its latest substitute, but we may record our assured conviction that it was not

sectarianism that killed the first, but the reluctance of the larger congregations and their ministers to make the sacrifices for the benefit of the smaller congregations, which the scheme required; while the second is far too narrow and dogmatic to have any chance of success. It would exclude the very church where Dr. Martineau worships.—A COUNTRY MOUSE.

Manchester College (Oxford) Letter.

The Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament sketched out a large programme of proposals, but it was not even suggested that a re-adjustment of the seasons is imperatively demanded. This omission caused keen disappointment. We come up to Oxford after an alleged Christmas vacation, and sit down on the banks of the Cherwell to find that Spring is timidly appearing all around us. But she is somewhat shy in her approaches, and after a coy and cautious peep our capricious visitor withdraws, fearing that she is intruding her modest presence too soon upon the scene. Her furtive advances deceived even the birds, who immediately began to sing her advent with delirious delight. All were at first captivated by the sweet illusion; now we know better. We have seen the trees trembling in the morning under the mystic annunciation of a new joy, only to find them at night shrunken and sour with frost. This senseless fooling on the part of Nature is distressing to a man whose faith is in a Reign of Law.

Term opened with a surprise, in the form of two new students—Mr. E. B. Betham, a nephew of Miss M. Betham Edwards, and a co-worker with Mr. Waugh, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and the Rev. A. J. Coleman, late of Meadville College, who has brought with him across the Atlantic a breezy breath of freshness and freedom which must invigorate the jaded youths of an English J.C.R. Mr. Betham is on good terms with the Muses, as attentive readers of the *Inquirer* will have observed, and since his accession to our ranks we have regretted the decease of the *Poz.* Like another, but less important, institution—the Metaphysical Society—it died of too much love. To our new students we extend a warm hand of greeting; may they find in Manchester College all that their hearts and minds can desire.

In the first meeting of the term of the Shakespeare Society, over which Mr. Shaw ably presided, our fancy lightly turned to thoughts of *Romeo and Juliet.* This is the play which the Oxford University Dramatic Society is performing this term, but it is to be regretted that no member of this latter Society came to see how the parts should be faithfully represented. Our meekly amorous Junior Student assumed the character of Juliet, to whom our staid and sober Senior made perfervid and passionate love. In this way, it will be observed, there was not that strain upon the imagination which there otherwise might have been. A point of academic interest cropped up. One of the glories of an intuitionist system of philosophy is that it preserves, among other good things, a lyrical conception of life. We therefore followed with warm sympathy Act 3, Scene 3, where, in a significant passage, Romeo, with amazing prescience, refers to a barren Hegelianism:—

"Hang up Philosophy!
Unless Philosophy can make a Juliet.
* * * * * * * *
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more."

As fitted Hilary Term and the ancient customs of the Society, the proceedings ended in hilarious uproar. On Friday, February 4th, the Martineau Club held its first meeting of the term. There was only a fair attendance in Hall, but after dinner more members appeared. Mr. Arnold S. Ward, of Balliol, read an eloquent and deeply interesting paper, entitled "Can we re-write the Lives of the Saints—S. Filippo Neri." Thereupon followed a lively discussion on the "Miraculous" and the "Supernatural." Mr. Nagarkar contributed to the interest of the evening by giving an account of the modern attribution of miracles to recent Indian prophets and sages. The predominant tone of the meeting seemed to be that although miracles in a very real sense still remain, a supernaturalist explanation of them must be abandoned, and that it is the province of psychical and psychological science to discover the law within the lawlessness.

The Rev. Dr. Drummond presided over the 215th meeting of the Discussion Society, on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, when there was a good attendance. Mr. James Shaw, B.A., in a speech pointed with statistic arguments, moved—"That the interests of peace, and the welfare of England, are best promoted by the maintenance of a high degree of military and naval efficiency." Mr. Alfred Hall, B.A., opposed. There also spoke Messrs. Betham, Wicksteed, Woods, Hicks, Thomas, Professor Carpenter, and Mr. E. Gwilym Evans, of Jesus College. Towards the conclusion of the debate Mr. Thomas moved an amendment—"That *under present circumstances*, the interests of peace, and the welfare of England, *should be supported* by the maintenance of a high degree of military and naval efficiency."—This was accepted by Mr. Shaw and, after the president's summing up, carried *nem. con.* The subject of the debate betrays the common fear that an attack upon the fatherland is by no means impossible. Living in the midst of alarms, it is no wonder that a report is abroad that the College Committee is now considering the probabilities of an Amazonian invasion. The students have thought over the matter, but feel confident that in any case the J.C.R. will prove impregnable; for here are trusty weapons, full-loaded, and primed, which can smoke out any hostile incursion of the nature contemplated by the Committee. We readily confess that our sympathies are altogether with the Theclas. Time was, in the days of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, when the Committee fearlessly declared their chivalry. The frivolous mind looks back in retrospect to those days and conceives a fanciful picture of grave and venerated veterans engaged in portentous deliberations. After having thoroughly examined the Pauline Epistles, they turn over a brain-breaking tome of Tertullian and alighting on the 17th chapter of the Treatise "On Baptism," a learned layman begins to read the ugly language applied to "the woman of pertness,' and

proceeds to ask nervously how far the following passage affects the question of admitting women as students :— "For how credible would it seem, that he who has not permitted a woman even to *learn* with overboldness should give a female the power of teaching and baptizing." Here the meeting becomes perplexed and adjourns to mass together further ancient authorities. That Committee, Paul and Tertullian notwithstanding, gave its decision in favour of the admission of women. What will the present Committee do? And how far will the question affect the proposed scheme for residing in College?

Mr. Carpenter's Sunday afternoons promise to be as interesting and pleasant as ever. This term the students will read papers on some of the more important poems of the late Laureate, taking as guide Lord Tennyson's Memoir of his father. Mr. Alfred Hall reports, "The work of St. Ebbe's Institute has increased during the last two months and the attendance at the Sunday evening services has improved. Ample evidence appears of the good influence exercised by this mission in the district. There are some amusing as well as grave difficulties to be faced. The other day a district visitor belonging to an Orthodox Church told one of the regular attendants at our evening service that if she would go again her present of tea at Christmas would be stopped! Christmas is a long way off, and she continues to come. Our thanks are due to Master Arnold Raworth who acts as pianist on Sunday. On January 12th the Misses and Masters Sidgwick entertained the parents and children connected with the Institute by performing a dramatic sketch, entitled "Blue Beard." The annual meeting was held on the 8th of February, when it was decided to continue the work."

On Sunday, February 6th, Mr. Nagarkar conducted the service at the College Chapel. In the evening he delivered a lecture on the social work of the Brahmo Somaj. He also spoke to some of the students of St. John's College. Mr. Nagarkar stayed with his friend and our fellow-student, Dr. Ahmed Shah, for a few days and we were thus privileged to have the pleasure of our Indian visitor's company on many occasions, when in delightful chats he shewed how real are the affinities between liberal religion in the East and in the West. Mr. Nagarkar will remain in this country for a few months.

The Chapel has now been completely fitted with oak seats, to which reference has been made in a former letter. The impression is one of extreme beauty and strength.

A plaster bust of the late Dr. Sadler hallows the corridor of our College, and reminds us again that we, too, have sacred traditions and a noble ancestry. This new gift—and there is room for more—will contribute to the general effect which the College makes on visitors and students. However loyal we may be to our Puritan forefathers it must be acknowledged that portraits and figures of the departed saints of our communion create an elevating atmosphere, and preserve that unseen, but not unfelt, influence which keeps before us the real presence of a glorious company of Apostles, who have laboured for Truth, for Liberty, for Religion.

J. M. Lloyd Thomas.

12th February, 1898.

"Mixed" Quotations.

Notwithstanding that many writers of repute have strongly condemned the use of quotations, it may confidently be asserted that a good quotation hardly ever comes amiss, and in many cases, as a gentleman who had a penchant for a little Greek observed, "it wonderfully livens up a composition." "It is a pleasing break in the thread of a speech or writing," says Mr. W. F. H. King, "in classical and foreign quotations, allowing the speaker or writer to retire for an instant while another and greater makes himself heard. A well-chosen quotation lightens up the page like a fine engraving, and, in the phrase of Addison, adds a supernumerary beauty to a paper, the reader often finding his imagination entertained by a hint that awakens in his memory some beautiful passage of a classic author." But the great objection to the use of other men's thoughts is that integrity of quotation—which is the least return that can be made—is rarely observed, more especially in public speaking, when the excitement of the moment frequently causes quotations to become mixed. The real cause, however, of most common forms of misquotation is the fact that man's memory is imperfect, and is often apt to prove treacherous at the last emergency. However often a striking passage may have been repeated, one can never feel certain that on some occasion two or more words will not be confounded, and consequently that the whole of the quotation will not be spoiled. Man's weakness in mixing up quotations, allusions, and "parts of speech," has been frequently used in literature as a device for raising laughter. Costard, the clown in "Love's Labour's Lost," apes the court-wit of Queen Elizabeth's time, and misapplies and miscalls like Mrs. Partington or Master Dogberry, and everybody knows how important a factor the blunders of Mrs. Malaprop are in the humour of Sheridan's delightful comedy. Thackeray, too, frequently resorted to this device. Take two examples from the Yellowplush Papers, "O fie! don't lay that flattering function to your sole," as Milton observes. I think its Playto, or else Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet? Of more modern authors, Miss Braddon has, perhaps, the greatest

weakness for putting mis-quotations into the mouths of her characters, her sporting baronets being almost invariably "great at" quoting from that fellow Shakespeare. Dickens, as everybody must have noticed, had a decided leaning in this direction. Not to mention Captain Cuttle, Dick Swiveller (who was in the habit of running on with scraps of verse as if they were only prose in a hurry), and others. We find Mr. Pecksniff frequently mixing up quotations and allusions. Said that gentleman, "Unlike the young man in the Eastern tale who is described as a one-eyed almanack, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Pinch?" "A one-eyed calendar, I think, sir," said Tom. "They are pretty nearly the same thing, I believe," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling compassionately, Nearly all the principal characters in Martin Chuzzlewit are made to commit blunders something after this style; and, indeed, no inconsiderable portion of the fun in Dickens' writings depends upon the characters either "dropping into poetry" or "mixing" quotations. On the score of "realism," objection might, perhaps, be taken to the proposition that footmen and nurses are in the habit of quoting and alluding to the classics, but as we are all disposed to allow a good deal of license to the novelist, it may be admitted that the habit of relying largely on mixed quotations for producing amusement is legitimate. In novels dealing with the higher grades of life, indeed, such a course, if not carried to excess, would be true to nature, since almost everybody is fond of showing his or her book-learned skill; and, consequently, of occasionally misquoting, though rarely to such an extent as that worthy baronet who, according to the perfectly trustworthy testimony of Thomas Ingoldsby, gave an entirely new reading to a famous passage:—

"Who steals my purse steals stuff!
'Twas mine—'tisn't his—nor anybody else's;
But he who runs away with my good name,
Robs me of what does not do him any good,
And makes me deuced poor!"

Burlesque apart, however, this familiar quotation, in common with the "'Tis true, 'tis pity, &c.," and Byron's lines commencing, "Freedom's battle once begun," is frequently murdered. The well-known verse in Matthew about "Not one jot or tittle" is a great stumbling-block to preachers. It is stated of a well-known preacher who tried to quote it that he rendered it not one "tot or jittle." Then he saw that he had erred, and tried again. "Not one jitt or tottle," said he, and again stopped. But he would not give up, and began, "Not one tit or jottle," and then, with a red face, he abandoned the attempt and went on with his sermon. The majority of mixed quotations rarely fall short of being absurd. Many, again, are hashed owing to the confusion of two or more words, as a leader-writer completely murdered Shakespeare's well-known line, "An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told," by transposing the words "honest" and "plainly." Another common blunder consists in attributing quotations to the wrong authors; and in this connection by-and-bye, everybody must occasionally wonder how many good things have been fathered on Shakespeare! Quotations from all sorts of poets and of all ages, from Spencer to Tennyson (both inclusive), are "put down to the bard," as a theatrical "catchword," once very popular, phrased it without the slightest compunction. But if sense-memory were cultivated instead of syllabic memory, which almost always requires one to begin at the beginning, and quotations, in case of doubt, ascribed to "the poet," there would be fewer blunders of this kind.

A Perfect Liturgy.

Jowett, the late master of Baliol, once sketched his idea of a perfect Liturgy.

A perfect Liturgy should be:—

1. Ancient.
2. Yet not at variance with modern scientific opinion.
3. Should vary within certain limits.
4. Should be adapted to private as well as public devotions.
5. Should consist of what is highest and deepest in thought and purest in expression.
6. Should respond to the fears, hopes, sorrows, speculations, of mankind.
7. Should have no creeds; for these almost at once pass into mere words.
8. Should be the "expression" of our highest thoughts and feelings; not exhortations or confessions,—not the mere intensifying or exaggerating of our ordinary religion, but the elevation of it.

"Two Opposing Tendencies."

Mr. Fripp's recent papers on the above subject will be shortly re-issued as a pamphlet. In the preface he says :—

"These articles are reprinted from the *Seed Sower*. They were originally written in haste, at a very busy time, and with some heat ; and a few impressions and personal allusions found their way into them which I now take the opportunity to revise. The cause I have at heart needs neither exaggeration nor personal strictures to commend it. Whoever will calmly read these pages will, I think, acknowledge the truth of their main argument, and recognise the chief source of our present religious ineffectiveness.

"For at least a hundred years past our Free Churches, founded, many of them, by Trinitarian forefathers for the simple worship and service of God, without insistence on particular theological opinions, have been falling under the influence of Unitarian zealots, who have done their best to stamp them as merely Unitarian, and to link them with organizations distinctly Unitarian, and tied up for all time to Unitarian doctrine.

"I have no quarrel with Unitarianism as such, except that I look forward soon to something better ; but I protest against the limitation of our church life to a mere sectarianism. There is no name for a church or an ecclesiastical organisation more narrow than the name Unitarian, for the simple reason that no name in use excludes a larger part of Christendom. I have endeavoured to show the exclusiveness and the destructiveness of this limitation, and I plead for the large and comprehensive principle of our founders, *i.e.*, the principle of *Religion before Doctrine.*

"I rejoice in the sympathy of many of our ministers and laymen. Letters of encouragement from some of our very best men would more than fill this pamphlet. A few words from one of our leaders will meet with at least universal respect. On the 21st November last, when the first article had appeared, Dr. Martineau wrote :—

I was delighted to receive from you a copy of the *Seed Sower*, containing your excellenr paper protesting against our surrender of the old Baxterian catholicity in favour of the modern doctrinal sectarianism. It is all over with us if we fall into that treacherous creed-trap. We have been warned against it by our wiser forerunners,—Dr. John Taylor exhorting his people at the opening of the new Octagon Chapel, at Norwich, to be "*mere Christians*," and absolutely decline to substitute any party allegiance for the fellowship of simple disciples of the same spiritual guide.

It is a humiliating certainty that the progressive corruption of Christianity has been concurrent with the growth of its dogmatic theology ; so that "the leaves which were for the healing of the nations" have fallen and perished as the dismal season of theologic evolution advanced. In the genesis of creeds the process of natural selection, worked by ecclesiastics, has missed the Divine and undying spirit of Christ's life in God—the central reality of his revelation—and has systematised instead a host of traditional families, kosmical or mythologic, which can satisfy no mind and save no soul. Nothing is less like the religion of Christ in human life than the story of church history. If he still has "beloved disciples," they will be found on other fields.

I am far from thinking that you have spoken too strongly in your *Seed Sower* paper, and I hope you will follow it up by further exposition.

When I was minister in Dublin, I was eager to *Unitarianise* the congregations there, and was impatient of the Presbyterian organisation. I soon saw reason to regret my mistake, and to withhold all ecclesiastical functions from the Unitarian Association. The Hewley Suit enforced the lesson upon us when it was too late. I fear we shall never recover from the effects of our mistake.

"When the last article had come out, I submitted the whole, revised, to the same hand, and received it again with some suggestions, mostly of an historical and theological kind, which I have gratefully adopted. Dr. Martineau said (10th February) : 'In reading your letters in the *Seed Sower* I have availed myself of your permission to deform the margin of the pages by a few pencil suggestions and comments of my own, which I will simply leave to your judgment of approval or disapproval ; asking your adoption only of the one or two which modify statements attributed to me.

"'But you are so thoroughly at one with what appears to me the true interpretation of our ecclesiastical history, position, and duty, that I could easily have spared you such slight criticisms as seemed to me to clear some doubt away.'"

He that is sensible of no pain and grief but what he himself feels has a hard heart ; and he that can spare no kindness from himself and his own home has a narrow soul.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Our Father.

Sweet to know a Father
Looketh kindly down
On the green still country,
On the jangling town!

Such a great, wise Father!
Though our sight is dim,
All is really blessing,
Since it comes from him.

Such a bounteous Father!
Giving day by day
Gifts of richer fulness
Than we dare to pray.

Such a tender Father!
Never harsh and stern;
Always, when we wander,
Saying, "Child, return."

"Oh, you would not leave Me
If you understood!
Happiness is goodness—
Little child, be good."

So we say, "Our Father,"
Looking up above,
And we feel around us
Folding arms of love.

Wise and tender Father,
Keep us at Thy side;
Hold our hand and lead us—
Father, lead and guide!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

How Bristles Captured the Apples.

If all tales be true, the hedgehog is a clever little fellow. Of course you know that he is useful in the garden, for he clears the soil of slugs and snails and worms. Then he has proved in the household a real friend, since by his fondness for black-beetles (or cockroaches, as they should be more properly called), he has often completely banished these pests. Though he is classed among insect-eating animals, his food is not limited to insects, and he will even eat fruit. Gamekeepers, however, accuse him of worrying baby birds and stealing eggs.

But of all the cunning deeds the hedgehog does, I think his climbing trees and knocking down apples or pears is about the cleverest. This skill has been denied him by some writers, and certainly it looks almost too wise. At the same time there seems to be no doubt but that he is able to carry fallen fruit away to his nest.

Now, how can so small a creature, with a mouth much too little to grasp an apple, manage to take such big articles home? Before answering this question I must tell you of two things about the hedgehog which you need to know in order to understand this cleverness of his, although I am well aware that many readers are already familiar with them. In the first place then, the whole of the upper surface of his body is covered with hard roundish spines about an inch long. For instance, when he is attacked he is able to roll himself up into a thorny ball, which only enemies wiser than himself know how to tackle. The second point is that the hedgehog is one of those creatures who are active by night, sleeping in their dens during the day. Now, I think, with the help of Mr. Elwes' picture, in three scenes, we shall soon discover that it is not so hard as it looks for a hedgehog to take a large number of apples home at once.

Scene I.—We are in an orchard in Kent. There has been a high wind, and a good many apples are lying on the ground. The farmer walks round with us and says that his girls will be busy for an hour or two in the morning, picking up the fruit. Then we go in to supper. Next day, the farmer's little nieces do gather plenty of apples, but in the silent watches of the night there had been another visitor who had also been hard at work.

Scene II.—Shuffling along on the outlook for a meal, a hungry hedgehog came upon the apples. If these animals think, this one must have thought that good fortune itself sent him to Farmer Shooter's orchard on that particular night. Here was food enough to last for weeks lying on the ground under his very nose. But how to get it home? If he bowled the apples along in front of him with his feet it would take him all night to roll one home, as he soon found out by trying the plan for a few minutes. *He* wasn't going to waste valuable time in that fashion—not if *he* knew it! So he stopped for a while and put on his considering cap.

Scene III.—Presently a merry twinkle beamed in his bright eyes. Had he been human he would have laughed and called out "Eureka! I have it!" But as he was only a hedgehog he gave utterance to some pleased-like grunts, and then proceeded to work out his clever scheme for the capture of as many of the apples as he could seize within the few hours before daylight did appear. Moving to a short distance from a pile of the fruit, he rolled himself up into a ball, and then sharply and suddenly uncoiling, he turned half a somersault and fell with his back on the apples. This was a bold stroke, but it answered his purpose; for such was the force of his spring that the prickles of his skin pierced more than a score of the fruit. And having obtained what he wanted, the hedgehog regained his feet and started for home without delay. How strange he must have looked to his family with his coat of apples! How, too, it must have amused them, when told about it, to hear of their father's experience as an acrobat! But the risk he ran would make the meal all the sweeter; and besides, was not an apple-feast an agreeable change from their usual banquet of beetles?